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MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.



A propos de Bottes.

than the following, which we will call

A PROPOS DE BOTTES.

In a bow-window on the Esplanade BELINDA with her BERTRAM breakfasted; But while with outward calm the tea she made, within was all uncertainty and dread: What though the toast was crisp, the eggs new-laid, when, in its envelope of dull brick-red, The missive that had forced her heart to flutter, lay, yet unopened, by the bread-and-butter? (Pause, until the curiosity of your audience is thoroughly aroused—then continue with deeper intensity.)

Fleet is pursuing Fate when most she limps! So BERTRAM, having put away his ham, Upon his letters cast a careless glimpse, selecting first the ruthless telegram [Lamb!] Which tore him from felicity and shrimps. He muttered words which sounded like "My The while he in despair the carpet stamped on, "My own," he cried, "I must leave Little-hampton!"

(Second pause. Turn your head slowly round to left, and then to right again: assume a look of petrified despair: hand pressed to side, as if in pain; level tone.)

Her face she turned all piteously drawn, and gazed upon him apprehensively, With eyes dilating, like a startled fawn; one crystal tear fell flashing in her tea, Nor did she heed the appetising prawn, nor amber marmalade from far Dundee; [City!] "BERTRAM," she gasped, "leave me not thus, in pity—they cannot really want you in the (This entreaty very tragic. If your hands are not liable to grow red under influence of emotion, clasp them.)

But he—"Alack that I must answer yes! Who could foretell the dream would end so soon? Or deem the envious cloud of busi-ness would drift across our radiant honeymoon? But I must catch the Ten o'Clock express, which gets me up to London Bridge by noon! Nay, sweetest one, give not the reins to sorrow—I shall be back ere dinner-time to-morrow!" [With a fictitious cheerfulness.]

And hearing, she forebore to make a fuss, but sought, with packing, her despair to drug; Then, seated in the Hotel omnibus, she strapped with dainty hands his railway rug; Till at the Littlehampton terminus they parted, with one last hysteric hug, And he, his manifest emotion choking, entered a first-class carriage labelled "Smoking." (Pause again: then cast your eyes down, and continue in a tone of chastened melancholy.) Now, feeling that her well of joy is dried, her lotus-tree all withered to its roots, Back to her lonely lodgings she has hied—and here a pang through all her being shoots! (Bend forward here with outstretched arms, and smile of infinite tenderness.)

For—basking on the hearthrug, side by side—she finds her best beloved BERTRAM's boots; His patent leathers he had gone to Town in—so this must be the pair he'd travelled down in! (Gently.) There is a pathos in the mute appeal of objects that have shared a bygone bliss; And even these dumb boots are down at heel—seeming their absent master now to miss! Which, as BELINDA notes, she fain must kneel, and cheer them with a sympathetic kiss, But now a carmine tide o'erflows her neck fast—the maid comes in to clear away the breakfast! Anon a fantasy BELINDA thrills, and both the boots she on the table sets: Full lovingly each vacancy she fills, with freshly gathered sweet March violets,

And heavy-headed saffron daffodils—nor necessary moisture she forgets. [Such chalices?" "To sigh," she whispers, "for your native valley, cease—for when were flowers honoured by And she forgets the grim Teutonic bands: and she forgets the donkeys on the green: And she forgets the sea-gull haunted sands: and she forgets the fashions in The Queen: Seated before those boots with folded hands, she feels no yearning for a change of scene. Content to linger by her flowers fragrant, and yield herself to recollections vagrant.

(Hands behind you for this last stanza, head slightly to left, eyes half closed, speak with a dreamy musical lingering intonation.)

And all day long she keeps them in her sight, and murmurs to them tender little phrases, Imagining they comprehend her quite—conduct that her old landlord much amazes, Who overhears her bidding them "good-night," (kiss your fingers here) and open-mouthed upon the threshold gazes, [Raise both hands.]

Holding, perchance, that such proceedings can well entitle her to residence at Hanwell. BELINDA seeks her couch—but ere she sinks into the brief oblivion of sleep,

Her dewy eyes shine brighter as she thinks how those stout boots will o'er her slumber keep, A ward as unremitting as the lynx; then trembles for the silence grows more deep, And now (O, portent passing understanding!) she hears them creaking towards the second landing

(Raise your index finger here, and imbue the last line with a weird suggestiveness.)

So in the morning early she descends—to find her flowers scattered far and faded— [shaded, And the boots—gone! Her perfect head she bends, her fair low brow with sweet distress is Marvelling much what evil this portends—can BERTRAM, too, have perished—just when they did?

And were his boots, as Death secured this last trophy, tramping upstairs to break the sad catastrophe?

Nor may she know whither those twain have fled, having achieved their automatic climb, Or whether BERTRAM now be lying dead—the victim of some secret midnight crime! She can but hide her grief-distracted head, and blame the leaden-footed lounge of Time.

About the Supernatural no man knew all— So much she's learned from many a Christmas annual!

In restless dread the worst she must await, Hearing on every breeze her BERTRAM's knell!

(Start, and point off in tone of fullest alarm.)

Hark! is there not a clanging at the gate? A feverish ringing at the front-door bell? Lo! 'tis her BERTRAM! Wondrous to relate, He looks most unromantically well!

Finding his Club a dreary place to stay at, he Had spent the previous evening at the Gaiety! But, ah! BELINDA's mind not yet at ease is— Specks will appear upon the fairest fruits!

She dare not speak (for BERTRAM such a tease is)— But she has learnt that those were not his boots!

[sneezes, And every time she hears the landlord's She blushes to remember past pursuits. Keen self-reproach recurs with each cadenza —Wet feet alone could cause that influenza!

[Shake your head, and sigh compassionately, then bow, and retire in graceful pre-occupation. If you are recalled, —DON'T GO!

"The 'Roses' that Bloom, tra la!"

LOHENGGRIN went well here, and MARIE ROSE was a better *Elsa* than probably any-



Marie rose to receive Mr. Punch.

The Roses appeared early, and are leaving us. Too short a season.

BOHEMIAN BALLAD

Of the Society-Variety-Artists.

(BY BEN TROVATO JONSON.)

You meaner beauties of the night, That poorly satisfy the eye, (Perhaps it would not be polite The ladies' names to specify.) Where are you when my love is nigh?

Ye wallflowers that first appear, That first appear and latest go, Striking the surging crowd with fear At your insipid anxious row, What wonder that you find it slow?

Ye chanters of the drawing-room, That warble ballads of the day So that you well deserve the doom Of the weak heroes of your lay, Wait till my love comes round your way!

For when my mistress shall appear In the new playhouse I've designed, A serio-tragi-comic Queen, With all the latest fads combined, Out of all sails she'll take the wind.

A CLASSICAL critic remarked of an amateur Actor who was not particularly successful in his delineation, "*Laudatur ab his*,"—but I don't say how the last word ought to be spelt."

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.



Mr. Punch. "BRAVO, MR. LAWSON! SUCCESS TO YOU! GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE PLAYING YOUR ORGAN TO THE TUNE OF A THOUSAND POUNDS TO BEGIN WITH. THE PUBLIC WILL PUT IN THEIR MONEY, AND THE CHILDREN WILL—PLAY, IN HYDE PARK."

Midst volleying cheers from street to steeple,
They opened a Palace for toiling people;
All the flags were out, and the bands were
played,
To greet the advance of the cavalcade,
For the QUEEN and PRINCE from East to West,
Were borne wherever the crowds liked best.

The Court had its pomp, and the City its feast,
And the rich West smiled on the starving
East;
The Lords and Commons, each woman and man,
Had all their own beautiful Jubilee plan,
When at last the face of the Nation smiled,
For Charity thought of the London Child!

Oh! men who toil, and women who weep,
The cry of the London Child strikes deep!
Do you ever reflect in the hurrying street,
On their pavement games 'neath the horses'
feet!
Do you ever descend from carriage or cars,
And peep just once through the prison-bars,

That are circled around this city of sin,
And fasten the poor little children in!
How little they share, as the world goes round,
In the green of the grass of our garden ground!
The London birds as they upward fly,
Have a larger portion of God's blue sky!

Ah! men so tender, and women so true,
These pitiful faces pierce you through!
Like spectre-forms from the grave they rise,
And tempt the tears from the calmest eyes!
When sunshine softens our winter's moan,
We are off and away!—but the Child alone,
Alone in the alley, alone in the court,
With their dismal day, and their sunless sport.
The music maddens them—off they steal—
The procession is passing! so down they kneel,
At the feet of the crowd, where they cringe and creep,
And dream of a Queen in their feverish sleep,
At Charity's call give an answering cheer,
"No Child shall forget the Queen's Jubilee Year!"

Go tell it abroad! let them all understand,
This message of love from the heart of the land,
Let it soothe the sad pillow with vision of song,
That the sick Child in Hospital soon may be strong!
Let it echo in cheers, as they rush down the stair,
From the school where they toil, to the light of the air;
Let them dream it at night, and shout it at play,
That the Park of the People is theirs for a day!
Then Fashion will yield, that the children may pass,
To feast on the green, and to romp on the grass,
The earth will spring gladly to tramp of young feet,
When the revels of old, all our youngsters repeat!
May the day be the brightest that ever was seen!
When the cheer of our children is raised for their
QUEEN!

"FIRST-RATE RECEIPTS."—Such an announcement is always satisfactory to the receiver. Everybody can participate in such receipts by laying out one shilling on a little book by "CORDON-BLEU," called *Economical French Cookery for Ladies*. There's no speculation about it. It's a certainty. The Authoress "*ne fait pas une bonne farce*" with her readers, though she does with some of her dishes. "Plates" and "Cuts" will be supplied by the readers. The book is treated with as light a touch as a Cook should employ in making good pastry, and will be substantially useful to the Household Brigade generally.



SNOB-SNUBBING.

The Vicar's Wife. "AND SO YOU FIND OUR SUBURB A PLEASANT CHANGE AFTER LONDON, MR. SNOGGINS!"

Snoggins. "YA-AS—PRETTY LITTLE PLACE—A—CAN'T SAY I CARE VERY MUCH FOR SUBURBAN SOCIETY, YOU KNOW!"

The Vicar's Wife. "AH—YOU FIND THEM A LITTLE HIGH AND MIGHTY, I SUPPOSE!"
[Disgust of Snoggins, who thinks himself no end of a swell!]

MR. PUNCH'S OWN TIPSTER RIGHT AGAIN!

ALWAYS Right. What did I say last week about *Merry Hampton* and *Réée d'Or*? I refer you to FACTS. I said of *Merry Hampton* "is *Merry Hampton* caught?" And how clear was my decision about *Réée d'Or*. I quaffed a pint of porter to *Freedom*, and it was the third horse I named for the Oaks. Send in your fivers, pay the per-centage on your winnings! Put in your sovs. and the oracle will work! No French pennies taken for the Grand Prix! Look out for my Ascot tip, and don't forget your own "*Tout*" à vous. LARGEESSE.

SOMETHING LIKE BYE-LAWS!

It is said—with what truth remains to be seen—that the Thames Conservators, not content with their absurd Bye-Laws in respect to House-Boats and Steam-Launches, have under their serious consideration the desirability of strictly enforcing the following equally sensible and equally necessary regulations:—

Bye-Law No. 1437. From and after the 1st day of April next, no Swans shall be allowed to swim in the River Thames unless properly attired, and no Bathing shall be allowed under any circumstances whatever, unless the person bathing be clothed by Mr. MACINTOSH from head to foot.

Bye-Law No. 1438. No Coal-Barge shall be allowed to navigate the Thames above Teddington Lock, unless supplied with a properly authenticated certificate that the said Barge has been thoroughly cleansed with soap and water before entering the River. Any coals falling overboard to be carefully dredged for, on pain of imprisonment. The use of soap on a House-Boat or Steam-Launch is strictly prohibited, except in the case of Barristers of seven years' standing.

Bye-Law No. 1439. No field or meadow within a quarter of a mile from the river, as the King-fisher flies, shall ever be manured, unless a guarantee be given that no rain shall be allowed to fall on such field or meadow within a lunar month of its being so manured.

Any infraction of this Bye-Law to be punished with six months' hard labour on somebody else's land, and a fine of £10 per acre to the nearest Cricket Club.

Bye-Law No. 1440. That no Fish of any description, except minnows under age, shall be allowed, under any pretence whatever, to be in the River Thames during the close season.

Bye-Law No. 1441. No one shall be allowed under any circumstances to wash his hands or face in the River, except when passing over a Weir. The Lock-keepers are ordered to see this regulation strictly carried out. Whenever Cattle are permitted to drink of the River, a Notice-Board must be placed, bearing the following device in white letters on a black ground, and not less than four inches by three in diameter:—"One Minute for Refreshment."

Bye-Law No. 1442. All oars, sculls, and poles intended to be used in the River to be carefully washed with soap and warm water before being allowed to be so used. No sculls to be of more than the ordinary thickness, or they will be treated as being infractions of the patent rights of certain influential persons.

Bye-Law No. 1443. No Water Rats are allowed to enter the River between sunset and sunrise, unless in the enjoyment of robust health, and under no circumstances whatsoever are Eels sufficiently small to enter the pipes of the Water Companies to be permitted to remain in the River more than one calendar week.

The Conservators having given their whole minds to the calm consideration of these important Bye-Laws, can scarcely consider it possible that they can ever require alteration or amendment; but should that be the case, such proposed alterations or amendments will have to be submitted first to the Board of Inland Revenue, then to the Court of Chancery, and finally to the QUEEN in Council, which will not occupy more than about two years, or cost more than a few thousand pounds, so the remedy will be as simple as it is inexpensive.

N.B.—It is proposed, after every heavy shower during the approaching season, to pour a pipe of Rose-water and a butt of Eau de Cologne into the River, at Silly Bridge, to assist in its purification.

RACY SKETCHES.

By D. Crambo, Junior.



The Course was somewhat heavy.



A Horse showing some notable Racing Points.



Sire (Sigher)



and Dam!



Maiden Allowance.



Settling at the Clubs.



An objection on the ground of "Boring."



Winning by a Clever Head.

A PUZZLER.—Abbreviated Advertisements are economical, if not always intelligible to the uninitiated. Here is one, extracted from the *Guardian* :—

A SS.-CURE, or S. C., by expd. Pt. Young, active. Cath. mus. Married. Oxon pref., but not essen. Address, &c.

We thought at first that it was a new cure by donkey-riding, but have been informed, by a reader of mysteries, "Ass." stands for "Assistant," "Cure" for "Curate," and so on. But at first sight it is not "language understood of the people."

MOTTO FOR THE ROUVIER CABINET.—"Pas aujourd'hui, Boulanger." *Anglicè*—"Not to-day, Baker."

WHAT is to be gathered from the CROWN PRINCE'S illness, now that he is on the royal road to perfect recovery? Why,—*Morell*—"MACKENZIE."

THE *City Press* informed us, about ten days ago, that Dr. R. TURTLE FIGOTT, D.C.L., had been unanimously elected Master of the Turners' Company. With such a name why isn't he perpetual Lord Mayor?

A "WISE" APPOINTMENT.—The Attorney-General of South Wales. The Colonists have already got Wisdom in their Councils. The Government has been werry well ad-wised.

THE LATEST THING IN ORGANISATION ;

Or, the Ordnance Department remodelled.

SCENE—Interior of the War Office, with the Council of the Master-General of the Ordnance sitting.

Master-General (after looking round). Now I think I have got a pretty fair representative Committee together. I really do. Most gratifying.

Poet-Laureate (complacently). Yes. I think on the whole you may take it that we are "men of the highest eminence and authority," as recommended by the Royal Commission. Also that you are a General of the greatest celebrity. Quite what they want. And that reminds me of the lines of my *Promise of May*, which run as follow—

President of the Royal Academy. Pardon me, my Lord, but—*Carambo!* this is too much! Surely we are here not to quote poetry, but to consider stores. Yea, to lay down a standard about them. If you will allow me, I will sketch my notion of some potatoes—

Archbishop of Canterbury. They would be too waxy, Sir FREDERICK! I do not use the word in the schoolboy sense of "angry," but rather as to their texture. That reminds me in my scholastic days I—

Editor of the "Times." Quite so. But we might take it as read. I rather fancy that our present object is, or should be, to consider the character of "soup."

Lord Chancellor. "Soup!" When I was at the Bar "soup" used to mean—

Mr. George Grossmith. Yes, I explained that, either in *Trial by Jury* or *Iolanthe*.

Poet-Laureate. *Iolanthe!* Surely that was my piece—

Mr. Henry Irving (putting on his pince-nez leisurely). No, my dear TENNYSON, you are thinking of *The Cup*.

Speaker of the House of Commons (mechanically). Are we not wandering from the subject?

First Lord of the Treasury (promptly—after waking abruptly from his sleep). Certainly! I am sorry to say that I fear it is my duty to move that the question be now put.

Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn (querulously). What question?

The Lord Mayor (smiling). He is thinking of the Jubilee. But about this soup—why not have turtle? It is not so much more expensive than anything else, and—

Chairman of the Army and Navy Stores (producing a Prospectus). That depends upon where you buy it.

Mr. Whiteley (sarcastically). Hear, hear!

Master-General (waking up). Order, order! I fear, My Lords and Gentlemen, we do not seem to be approaching a conclusion.

Duke of Cambridge (with hauteur). Yes, because my opinion isn't consulted!

Secretary of State for War (angrily). Nor mine! Oh yes, I know what you would say. You would quote from the Report of the Commission, and observe, "you are sensible of the difficulty of arranging your relations with us." Well, we are both dumb!

President of the Royal College of Physicians (blandly). That seems to me wrong, not only physically, but morally. You and H.R.H. are as much men of "eminence and authority" as ourselves.

Captain of the Oxford Eleven (lighting a cigarette). Why, certainly!

Librarian of the British Museum (with conviction). And are equally able to judge of the quality of soups as any one else.

Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company (glad of a chance of speaking). Exactly.

Headmaster of Westminster School (pompously). I don't approve of soup myself. I don't approve of anything. I—

Master-General (again interrupting). All this is most interesting, but do you know I do not think we are progressing.

Mr. Augustus Harris (pondering). "Do you know" comes from the *Private Secretary*, and is very funny. This, by the way. But now as to my Italian Opera Season—

Lord Chief Justice (in silvery tones). I cannot help fancying that we are wandering from the subject. Now this reminds me of a story I heard in America—

Buffalo Bill (not too cordially). I beg pardon for interrupting, but I feel very proud of being allowed to join this Committee. I do, indeed. It's very gratifying. That is so?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger (to Master-General). Please, my Lord, news has just arrived that war is declared between England and Timbuctoo!

Master-General (jumping). What! I am sure you will forgive me, but as I am the only General in England, if not the world, I must hurry off to the front! This kind of thing may do very well in times of peace, but now that we have a row, the "Ordnance" must shift for itself. Ta-ta, I am off!

(Committee adjourned sine die.) [Exit hurriedly.]

THE BURNT BUILDER DOES NOT DREAD THE FIRE.—The Commune did a vast amount of evil in Paris, and Communists were guilty of wanton destruction. If they had destroyed all the Theatres, and if, which is more important, Architects could have been found to construct new ones with comfortable seats, wide staircases, and many means of easy ingress and egress, something might have been forgiven to the Commune. But let us look at home. How many of our Theatres, which are comfortable enough as far as seats go, will stand the test of a panic? And how about the Churches?

WITH THE INDIANS ON THE DERBY DAY.

(From a North-East Windian Contributor.)

For many weeks past, go where I will, I have been unable to escape from a variety of highly and bilionally coloured advertisement-pictures of savage Indians and picturesque persons in a sort of Mexican hunter's costume, riding recklessly among prairies, shooting everything and everybody—and of other gallant sportsmen, riding wild buffaloes or bisons, which were represented by the artist as uncommonly spirited animals, all of them like "Old Jo" in the nigger song, "kicking up hind and afore."

Besides these, I had been haunted by the portrait of the leader of the troupe, BUFFALO BILL himself, who is represented as a sort of wild TENNISON, of thirty or forty years ago, with a moustache, and a fixed stony stare, suggestive of wool-gathering, which, by the way, may account for the length of his flowing locks. I had heard that BUFFALO BILL, in private, was the Hon. Something CODY, American Senator, who preferred this style of sporting Showman's life to attending in his place in Congress,—just as if Mr. GLADSTONE, led away by his enthusiastic passion for tree-chopping, should chuck up his Parliamentary career, let his hair grow long, assume a picturesque dress, and make a tour of the world, on his own axes, with a company illustrating English life at Hawarden, and calling himself "Woodchopping WILL," or "Crimes BILL"—this having been the distasteful measure which had driven him to go about with a Show.

I was told that BUFFALO BILL's Show at Earl's Court gave a vivid and truthful representation of Life in the Far West—that is a West much farther than Kensington. And so, ever anxious to complete a neglected education, and, from my youth upward, devotedly attached to the novels of FEMIMORE COOPER, it occurred to me that the Derby Day offered a chance of seeing BUFFALO BILL's Show in comparative quiet. I don't know to what temperature the Noble Savages and the Cowboys and Cowgirls are accustomed, but on this occasion, the unfortunate spectators in the two-shilling seats, who could not career about, sat in the most piercing draughts that the Wild North-East could provide, a few protecting themselves with huddling together underneath their umbrellas (I personally huddled) while others were turning up their coat-collars, and regretting the absence of wraps. If the weather continues like this, a good trade might be done by the programme-sellers at BUFFALO BILL's in hot-water bottles and foot-warmers.

From what I saw there, I gather that Life in the Wild West is a theatrical, circus-like sort of existence; that everyone dresses in a fancifully embroidered costume, somewhat complicated by its arrangement of leather straps and loose tags; that there is a good deal of tan about, and that there are highly-coloured canvas mountains, trees, and blue sky all round up to a certain height, above which can be seen the attic-windows of the neighbouring houses; that Noble Savages ride in at full gallop to the accompaniment of airs from *La Grande Duchesse*, and other popular tunes, that they swoop and whoop, and squeak and shriek, in all the bravery of their paint and feathers; and that this, as far as I could understand it, is the only "bravery" they display, as there is nothing particularly daring in coming out, some forty or fifty of them, to attack four harmless travellers riding in a tumble-down old ramshackle vehicle—well named the "Dead-wood Coach"—and, on the appearance of BUFFALO BILL and the Cowboys, to gallop away again in abject terror. Nor is it remarkably courageous for the same number of savages, representing the entire tribe, to come out to steal a solitary horse which is quietly grazing on the sawdust plain in front of a log-hut where a man and his wife and a chance traveller, the owner of the aforesaid horse, are taking a little refreshment, with the blinds down. Two Indian scouts stealthily approach the horse, one appropriates it, and the other, in burglarious fashion, climbs on to the roof of the log-hut in order to shoot anyone coming out at the door, which he could have done just as well if he had remained, like a sort of Indian *Cherry Slyme*, "round the corner," without taking this extra trouble. In the meantime "the Braves" are in ambush behind some property trees and rocks. Suddenly, bang go rifles, the Cowboys, headed by BUFFALO BILL, appear; more wild banging; the Indians ride round and round, and, with screams and shouts and more war-whooping, scuttie off as hard as they can in the direction of the painted trees and rocks, behind which is their encampment. In fact, whenever the Noble Savages come into collision with the Cowboys, they get the worst of it.

But is this the true story of Wild West life? Why should the Noble Savages be always beaten by the Cowboys? It is a fight between Cowboys and Cow-ards. One day the Indians will turn sulky, and refuse to play any more, unless the Cowboys agree to be alternately the defeated party.

Then there was a scene showing how one Indian tribe, out for a pleasant pic-nic party, are just settling down comfortably, when up come a hostile tribe. There was a sort of Donnybrook fair of whooping and sham-fighting, and when the pic-nickers had been evicted, the new occupiers of the sawdust indulged in a most unimpressive,

ungraceful, and generally idiotic terpsichorean performance, which the programme tells us is a War-dance.

Taken altogether, I should say that these Noble Savages are born circus-riders, and have a fine natural aptitude for equestrian performances, but are somewhat deficient in humour. I saw one of the younger warriors attempting some comic business, but he was immediately suppressed. Yet what a feature a tribe of wild Clowns might be, in all their paint, with, of course, their Pantaloon, and a few extra cockasombs and feathers! The Honble. CODY, who, as BUFFALO BILL, doesn't do much except career about, take off his hat gracefully, and shoot at glass balls, which, though clever, is not quite a novelty, might discover a Pantomime Tribe in time for Christmas.

The buck-jumping is the only thing that doesn't seem to me to smell of the footlights and sawdust. It is a decidedly exciting, and really dangerous, performance. It struck me that the "Wild West" on the cold, North-easterly Derby Day, seemed to be rather a Tame West, the depression being, perhaps, attributable to a natural feeling of resentment on the part of the Cowboys and Indians at being kept at work instead of being taken for a holiday to see the Derby. But B. B. knows best; and if the Noble Savages had once got a sniff of freedom and the fresh air of the Downs, they might have gone for a lark all over Surrey, have attacked the Dorking Coach, driven the donkey-boys off the sands of Margate, won all the nuts at shooting, scalped the Nigger Minstrels, frightened the Nurserymaids, seized the bathing-machines, and used them as an encampment on the plains of Thanet, set the local police at defiance, and at last, after refusing to return to the Honble. CODY, they might have come to terms with the other BILL—Albert Palace BILL, the People's Caterer—or arranged for a Show with GUS-SE-HA-RIS, the great White Chief of the Fan-to-mi-mis. Only one word in the Honble. CODY's ear,—I



"Our Turn Next."

should let the Indians win now and then, just for a treat. Also, what's the use of that gallant sportsman who ascends a pulpit and makes continual harangues, presumably descriptive of the Show, but scarcely one word of which could I, or those about me, catch on that lamentably cold Derby Day? I hope somebody hears him, as otherwise, if he is doing this twice every day, he is rather wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Tame West Kensington.

ALL AT SEA.

THE column of "Naval Intelligence" has, during the last few days, been supplying the inquisitive portion of the public who refer to it, with some lively, if not encouraging, reading.

The Torpedo Channel Fleet appears to have been coming to grief. Out of the twenty-four vessels that took part in the recent manoeuvres, eleven are reported as having returned disabled. The fatal disaster that overtook No. 47 is already well known, and No. 57 seems only just to have escaped a similar fate. Nos. 43 and 66 "came into collision," while Nos. 27, 41, 42, 44, 50, and 56 are all posted as having been "temporarily disabled by breakdowns" in their respective engine-rooms. No. 45 closes the list with the announcement of a "damaged screw." Indeed, that there is a screw loose somewhere, is evident from the above catalogue of catastrophes. One of the firms who supplied most of the faulty vessels in question, writes to the *Times* to clear their character, and charges the Admiralty with creating the fiasco by handing their management over to untrained crews and inefficient officers. If this is the case, the Naval Intelligence Department should lose no time in sharpening its wits and looking into the matter. The Review at Spithead is to come off shortly; but if nearly 50 per cent. of Her Majesty's ships present on the occasion are going to collide, blunder, and break down, from any cause whatever, it had certainly better be postponed.

ADVICE TO DHULKEP SINGH IN RUSSIA.—"Do look before you do leap, SINGH." The British Lion is quiet, but wide-awake.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "No! I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE. BUT I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM!"
 He. "BUT I DON'T WANT TO DANCE WITH THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM. I WANT TO DANCE WITH YOU!"

A (LATE) "SPRING CLEANING."

(At St. Stephen's.)

MR. PUNCH (to the *Laundress of the House of Commons*) loquitur:—

AH! Scrub! scrub! scrub!
 And squirt! squirt! squirt!
 But there is a foulness filling the House,
 That clingeth closer than dirt.
 It is all very well, my industrious friend,
 With brush, and mop, and pail,
 To labour away, but you'll find in the end,
 That your arduous efforts will fail.
 It is not the remnants of Winter's fog,
 Which the cushions stain and the carvings
 It is not the traces of London smoke, [clog,
 Which the corners dim and the crevices
 choke,

Your detergent skill will defeat.
 It is not lodgments of March's dust,
 Which the ledges clog and the draperies crust,
 That shame the House,
 And defy your *nous*,
 To make it clean and sweet.
 Verily no,—there's a deadlier stain,
 To wash away which you will labour in vain.

"'Tis a dirty House!" Long long ago,
 Sham-penitent SHERIDAN muttered his *mot*.
 As with insolence airy he rose from his
 knees,

And flicked with a gesture of indolent ease
 The dust of the floor from his breeches.
 A dirty House! It is dirtier now,
 In the sense subtle SHERIDAN hinted, I trow,
 With Tory rudeness, with Radical row,
 And the heat of Hibernian speeches.

Who was it said there was no better plan
 Than hitting a man with a frying-pan,
 Because if it failed your opponent to hurt
 It was certain at least to administer—dirt?
 A cynical saying, but true as it's smart,
 And St. Stephen's has certainly laid it to
 heart.

With weary persistency night after night
 The Members indulge in a frying-pan fight
 Quite worthy the slums of old Drury.

No pair of viragos half-maddened with rage
 In Billingsgate's purlieus their warfare
 could wage

With more indiscriminate fury
 Than "gentlemen" fresh from their Cham-
 bers and Clubs,

With the garb of Pall Mall and the manners
 of "Pubs."

Ah! shame on the recreants, Madam,
 Who give you this work! When men meet
 in the fray,

Whatever the sides, and whenever the day,
 A contest will raise the old Adam;
 But stoop to foul blows and foul language?

Let fly
 The vulgarian oath? Give each other the lie
 Like a lot of inebriate oosters?

No, Ma'am, Tory bloods or Hibernian boors,
 Or Radical tag-rag prolific in roars,
 As gentlemen all are impostors!

How long? Young patricians who think it a
 joke

Coarse provocative fun at mad Paddies to
 Mad Paddies who fancy a patriot's fame
 Is brightened by speech that a bargee would
 shame,

How long will your mutual madness

Be borne by a much sickened land? *Punch*
 reproves

Both Benches, all sides, for the shame of it
 moves

His soul to revolt and to sadness.
 What better the shouting young swell in his
 manners

Than *CONTREBARES* coarse or than insolent
 TANNERS?

Shame on them all round, for they're all
 bringing shame

On a glorious scene, an illustrious name.
 Scrub on, Ma'am, a people expectant

Demand something more, for the country's
 aware

That your mop, and your pail, and your
 housewifely care,

Although they may tackle foul paint and foul
 air,

Can't deal with foul language! Alas, Ma'am,
 that there,

Where patriots have thundered, these traitors
 should dare

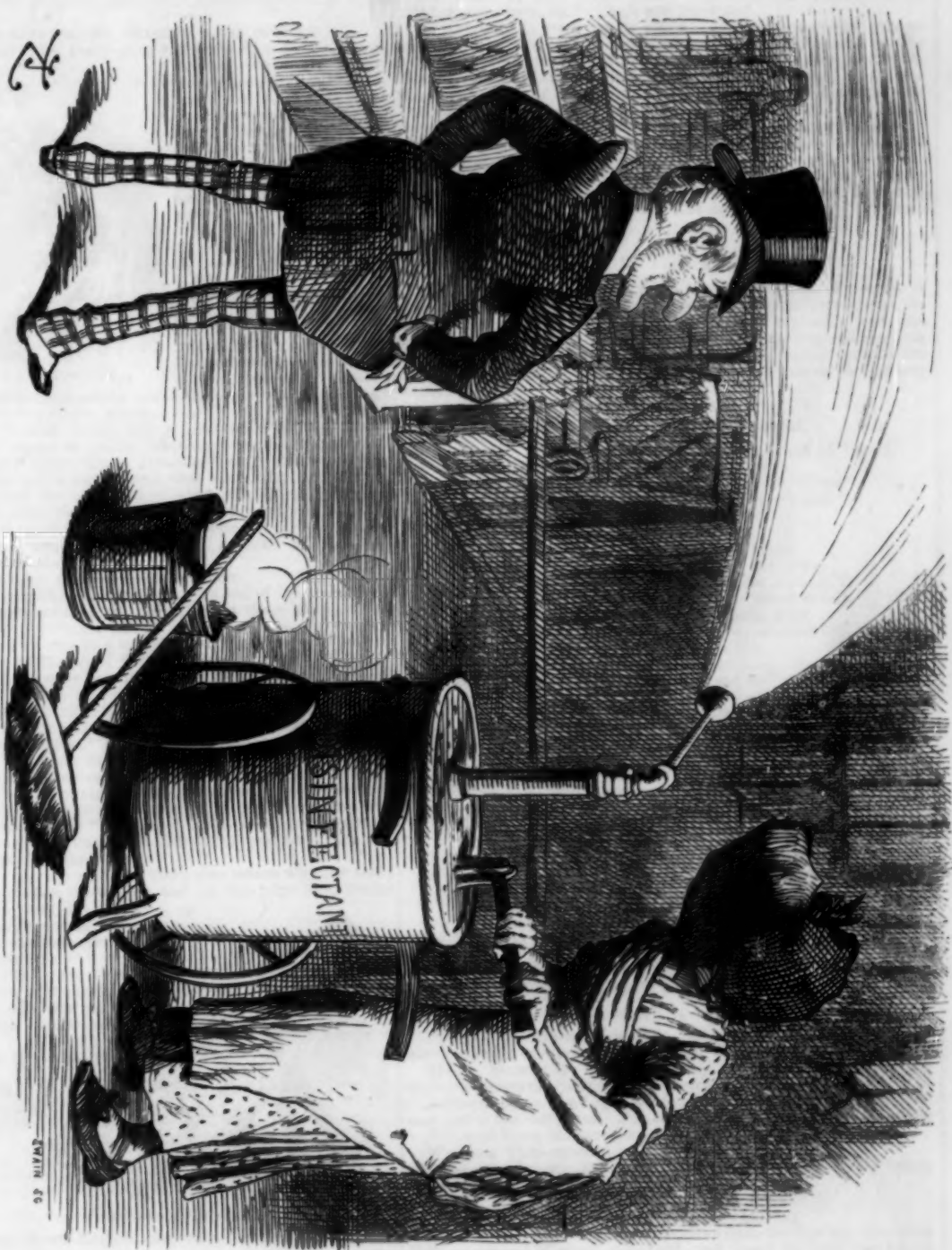
To degrade and defile, till the besom you bear
 is helpless, and England will have to prepare
 For the House, once her pride, now her
 shame and despair,

A pump and a strong disinfectant!

Will the Children's Three Weeks in the
 Country take place in the merry month of
 June? *Vive La Jeunesse!*

"THE LIBERAL SPLIT."—A Brandy-and-
 Soda between two, when one drinks for both
 and the other pays.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 4, 1887.



A (LATE) "SPRING CLEANING."

MR. P. (to Charwomen of House of Commons). "PUMP AWAY, OLD LADY! 'TISN'T THE FOUL AIR,—IT'S THE FOUL LANGUAGE WE WANT TO GET RID OF!"



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REFLECTIONS—"AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

Mr. Punch. It is not a play at all. It is a study of character, of one character, *Lena Despard*, admirably portrayed by Mrs. BEARD BEEKE.

Mr. Nibbs. You have read Mr. PHILLIPS' novel, of course.

Mr. Punch. Yes. The *Diary of a Bad Girl*—of a *Becky Sharp*, in fact—decidedly clever, and interesting, but as lacking in construction as is the dramatic version of it; that is, if this can be called a dramatic version, which is only the novel unstitched, and the leaves distributed among a certain number of actors.



Beere not Stout, but rather Lena.

Mr. Nibbs. There are the materials for a good play in the novel.

Mr. Punch. Certainly there are. The novel suggests an idea for a good play, but Mr. GROVE has done nothing with it. An audience should have been told at first of the connection between

Captain Jack Fortinbras (a part for which the management ought not to have chosen Mr. STANDING, whom it doesn't suit in the least) and the Chief of the Russian Police, who is brought in as the *deus ex machina*, without rhyme or reason, whenever there is a knot to be untied. M. MARIUS plays *Count Dromioff* very amusingly, the only fault about his performance being, that his bearing and manner convey the idea that he is only a superior Head-Detective masquerading as a Russian Nobleman. If this view is correct, then the *Dromioff* of M. MARIUS is an excellent performance, but if *Dromioff* is really a Russian Nobleman, then I think M. MARIUS's impersonation is a mistake.

Mr. Nibbs. The other parts are weak as water.

Mr. Punch. Partly the fault of the Actors and of the characters. Mr. DENISON's representation of *Sir Thomas Gage* as a Punch Doll, with a joint or two loose, and an imitation of Mr. BANCROFT's peculiar high note, by way of a squeaky chuckle, is a praiseworthy attempt at giving a little relief to rather tedious scenes. The fact is, the success of the piece is Mrs. BEARD BEEKE as *Lena Despard*, and I have never seen SARA's pupil more worthy of her talented teacher than is Mrs. BEEKE in this character. Not that in this piece Mrs. BEEKE owes anything directly to SARA, except the death-scene—(doesn't *Fedora* call out that "It burns! It burns!" and doesn't she writhe in agonies? I think so, if I remember aright)—and, indirectly, the impersonation seemed to me, to owe something to SARA's *L'Etrangère*, a rôle that would suit Mrs. BEEKE down to the ground, though no doubt she would prefer the original part of *Lena Despard*, in order to have the merit of "creating," and to avoid comparisons.

Mr. Nibbs. Your remarks do not detract in any way from the excellence of her performance.

Mr. Punch. No; on the contrary, there is no reason why the pupil should not improve upon the teacher, and in this play Mrs. BEEKE has done more, for she has improved on herself. Her affectations and low notes are discarded, and if the character were only more developed than it is, if it were a well-constructed play with strong situations, her *Lena Despard* would probably merit the description of a really fine performance, of which it now just falls short. But I shall rejoice in the success of this piece for several reasons.

Mr. Nibbs. Well, Sir, it seems to me that the permission of the Licensor of Plays having been given to this, it could not

logically be refused to an English play on the model of *Franchillon*, for example.

Mr. Punch. Exactly. And I was pleased to notice the audience patiently listening to dialogue, which, though good, and frequently witty, failed to develop, or even illustrate, character. The scenes dragged, but the audience listened and though wearied, were on the whole interested, and ready to appreciate any touch of sentiment or humour. I do not say it is a piece for Mr. Podsnap's



Lena and Supporter.

"young person" to see. No; it is not, most decidedly, any more than the novel, *As in a Looking-Glass*, is for "the young person's" perusal.

Mr. Nibbs. A *Bad Girl's Diary* placed on the stage is rather unwholesome food, Sir? Don't you think so?

Mr. Punch. To some, not to others. It is a story of the seamy-side of life, vice is not rendered attractive, and there is no reality whatever about the suicide,—(though there is great reality in Mrs. BEEKE's acting in the death-scene, which I should think was the *raison d'être* of the play)—which only serves the dramatist and the novelist just as the Russian detective served them,—as a means for getting rid of a troublesome character, and as a happy thought for stifling all inquiries as to any other personages in whose fate readers, or spectators, might have felt some interest. Critics who can accept and praise this as a model play, must be ignorant of the essential canons of dramatic composition. If this is a good play, then construction is a mere waste of time. Let us to an opera. [Exeunt.]

"NEW WORDS FOR OLD TUNES."

Mr. PUNCH has noticed that there is a decided want of novelty in the baritone and bass songs of the day. They do not march with the times. The same old "Pirates," "Scouts," "Vagabonds," &c., are still to the fore. The same old monks are still quaffing and laughing ha! ha! and ho! ho! Mr. PUNCH, therefore, begs to submit the following—written up to date in choice Pink'unese—with Glossary annexed.

THE JUBILEE JUGGINS.

Song for Baritone or Bass,—in one flat.

In the Major. Oh! "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "cof"
To shout and to yell at the "Pav." and the "Troc."
Regardless of "writers" and "taking the knock,"
To join in the choruses night after night,
In every key but the one that is right,
To nod to the singers and call them by name,
It's thus that the Juggins seeks glory and fame.
To climb up a lamp-post and "paint the town red,"
Then "run in" by "bobbies" to Vine Street to bed.
Then knock up a "pal" for the requisite bail,
Off to Marlborough Street the next day without fail,
A Magistrate's caution, a fine of five bob,
A head never ceasing to ache and to throb,
Oh! "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "cof!"

In the Minor. But, Jubilee Juggins, beware of the day,
When the golden-egg'd "cof-bird" no longer can lay.
When the "writers" grow rampant and run you to ground,
And the gay little "stumer" no longer goes round.
When the "fiver" has ceased to be ready to hand,
And the humble half-crown e'en is scarce in the land.
Where then are your friends of the "Pav." and the "Troc."
They are off with the "cof-bird," you've "taken the knock,"
Then the clothes run to seed, and the linen grows dim,
And the hat grows more flabby each day in the brim,
Then the boots which were always so natty and neat,
Only cling in despair to the poor weary feet—
Those feet grown so weary in searching around,
For those fair-weather friends—never more to be found.
(With a devil-may-care expression.)

In the Major. Still "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "cof!"

GLOSSARY OF TERMS.

Rippin'. A term much used in the upper circles. The final *g* is never sounded by the best people.

Spoof. From the Dutch—a merry game or pastime—see Dr. ARTHUR ROBERTS' Philological Dictionary. (Very rare and scarce.)

Jubilee Juggins. A Juggins—amplification of Jug. A vessel you soon get to the bottom of. *Jubilee Juggins*—an exceptional Juggins.

Pav. and Troc. Homes of classical music.

Writers. Time-servers.

Taking the knock. Derived from *Nox et praterea nihil*; hence "making a night of it."

"If you always are 'making a night of it,'

There is nothing much left for the day!"

Paint the town red. A custom derived from the Romans, who after their orgies would often sally forth and paint the town red till all was blue.

Run in. You are generally "run in" after being "found out."

Cof-bird. A new edition of the Goose with the Golden Eggs. Nearly extinct.

Stumer. A badly executed drawing—wanting in balance and effects.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Our County Member (attending Church during the Recess). "I HEG TO MOVE, SIR, THAT THE QUESTION BE NOW PUT!"

WANTED—THE INSTITUTE!

SCENE—Underground Railway Carriage. TIME—10 A.M. Train going Citywards.

Vivacious and Well-Informed Passenger (trying to get up a conversation, cheerily). What's this about English troops evacuating Egypt, eh?

[Stony silence among occupants of a crowded compartment. The Gentleman in the corner opposite Vivacious Passenger examines the top of his umbrella carefully.]

Vivacious Passenger (not to be denied, addressing Cornerman pointedly). Eh, Sir? What do you think about evacuating Egypt, that we've taken so much trouble and spent such a deal of blood and treasure to conquer?

Cornerman (trying to be polite). What place is it you said—er—that our troops were going to—er—to evacuate?

Vivacious Passenger (heartily). Egypt, Egypt!

Cornerman. Oh,—Egypt, of course. I didn't know we had any troops there—er—that is—

[Grins feebly towards fellow-passengers, as if expecting moral support in an unpleasant predicament.]

Disputatious Party (laying down his newspaper). Nor did I. Blessed if I think we have, either—there!

Vivacious Passenger (surprised). What! No British soldiers in Egypt?

Disputatious Party (getting angry). No: I don't believe there's one, not since General GORDON was killed; what business have British troops there, eh? Don't Egypt belong to the—the—(feels doubtful, but decides to risk it)—the Italians? That's what I want to know?

[Resumes study of Newspaper sagaciously.]
Vivacious Passenger. Italians! My dear—

Cornerman (as an exceptionally happy thought, suddenly). Haven't we just annexed Egypt?

Vivacious Passenger (pitily). No, no! You're thinking of Zululand! We've annexed Zululand, that's all.

Cornerman (relieved). Ah! that's it, is it? Well, then, how about the Ameer? What'll he do, as we've annexed his country?

Vivacious Passenger (worried). Ameer! Why, that's Afghanistan you're thinking of.

Hitherto Silent Listener (interposing with air of helping Cornerman out of a difficulty). Yes, that's right; and KETCHWAYO's King of the Zulus. He'll come to England sharp enough, now his country's annexed! It'll be a case of Melbury Road. You trust old KETCH!

[Goes off into convulsions of mysterious merriment.]

Vivacious Passenger (still more annoyed). KETCHWAYO! Why, he's been dead several years. He was killed by USIBEFU, you know, after Lord WOLSELEY made the settlement which—

[Jumps out hurriedly, having caught the name of his Station just in time. Exit upstairs pensively, and determines to subscribe to the Imperial Institute forthwith, hoping that when established it will make Englishmen understand rather more about the Empire which they are supposed to govern.]

BOGEY!

"DURING the three years which have to elapse before the proposed date (of the English evacuation of Egypt) is reached, England will be constantly conspiring against us, not only in Egypt, but in Europe, and indeed throughout the whole world, on sea and on land."—M. JOHN LEMOINE in the "Matin."

O JOHN LEMOINE! O JOHN LEMOINE! From what mad farce did you purloin, This wild conceit of phrenzy full, About the Frenchman's bogey, BULL? "Throughout the world on sea and land?" Ah! JOHN stay not that sweeping hand, But add—why not?—that we'll conspire, In air, in water, and in fire, Man of the semi-English name, JOHN, why another JOHN defame, In this wild way? They call you sage, Then why disgrace your sober page, With frantic fustian which might do, For ROCHEFORT and his rabid crew? The JOHN BULL of your foolish fear, Is simply a JOHN BULL pour rire: A man of straw, a dream, a figment, Of race distrust and party pigment. There's no such person, my dear JOHN, Take this your Punch's word upon. In fact, old friend, it's all my eye And petty "Matin!" Twig? Do try!

WHAT Weather!—The Jubilee Year, too! Does Jubilee Pluvius—no we mean Jupiter Pluvius,—consider himself the Raining Favourite? But there is no Jupiter Pluvius now. "The Old Gods are dead." Exactly, Jupiter Pluvius has kicked the bucket, and its contents are still being poured out on us poor mortals.

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.



No. 46. Poor thing! "Hi! here! Where are my clothes?"



No. 78. The Baffled Bather. "What with the Police-boat outside, and the Sea-gulls here, and somebody, I'm sure, looking over the cliff, a quiet bathe is impossible."



No. 14. Drawing a Check on his Trousers.



No. 809. The Grey of the Morning. Time, 5 A.M. "Just com'ome. Been hearing Corn Grain play 'n shing. Wish I could play 'n shing like Corngrai. Wonder what I'm doing. Can't get up, 'cos think my brashesh got brok'n."



No. 924. "Bring up the boat! I can't jump on to that thing!"



No. 658. Mr. Phunky. "Think I won't wear this hunting-coat. I'm sure I shall be off at the first fence."

"SELL's Dictionary," sounds like a sort of Practical Joker's Guide. It is a most useful compilation, full of interesting material about Journalism all over the world. We should doubt whether any book can give complete information on such a subject,—but of course we say this with the schoolboys' ancient reservation of "Bar SELL's."

THE FUTURE IN THE CRYSTAL.

(A Legend of Sydenham.)

MR. RIFVAN WINKLE found the Meeting very wearisome. The Chairman was full of statistics, proving conclusively that unless the Debenture-holders sacrificed some of their interest, the Institution must collapse.

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed Mr. WINKLE as he rose from his seat, and hurried away to the Refreshment Department. To his surprise, on leaving the Lecture-room, he was met by a hideous-looking waiter who beckoned him to carry a barrel of whiskey. Naturally good-natured, RIFVAN shouldered the oak and marched to the bar. A pale silent young woman opened the barrel, poured some of the whiskey into a large glass, added a little Apollinaris water to the draft, and invited WINKLE to drink. Nothing loth, he obeyed. Scarcely had the liquid passed his lips ere, amidst the sounds of demon laughter, he fell asleep. Such a sleep, it seemed to last for centuries! When RIFVAN awoke he was alone. His umbrella (nearly new before his slumber) crumbled away in his hand from extreme old age. His white beard reached his knees, his clothes were in tatters. He looked round—the refreshment bar—the glass roof—all had disappeared, and apparently he was in a railway arch. He rose from the ground, and determined to pass through the Courts and then get into the Gardens. But, alas! There was no Crystal Palace. It had entirely disappeared! In the place of the Alhambra Court there was a Furniture Warehouse—where the Rosary had been he found a hideous terrace of stucco-faced cottages.

"And has it come to this?" he exclaimed, with a sigh.

"Come to what, old man?" asked a Policeman, who was wearing a garb entirely unfamiliar to him.

"Where is the Crystal Palace?" said RIFVAN, answering one question by putting another.

"The Crystal Palace!" responded the Constable, after some consideration. "I fancy it used to lie in the direction of West Kensington, as they call Reading nowadays."

"Then where are we now?"

"Why, in South-East Kensington, to be sure, stoopid!" exclaimed the custodian, impatiently. "Every fool can see that."

RIFVAN hesitated to put the next query. At length he mustered up courage to ask "whether in its new shape the Crystal Palace paid?"

"Paid! Why, in course not! London's overbuilt, and there isn't much chance of house property paying! And now I come to think of it, I do remember the Crystal Palace. I thought I knew the name! It was on this very site! Why, to be sure, I have heard a lot about the shareholders."

"What?" RIFVAN asked, eagerly.

"Why, that they were all buried in one grave, having died of broken hearts."

"Oh, no, no!"

"But I say, yes, yes! It all comes back to me! They would do nothing, so the ground was sold at an enormous sacrifice, and built over. It has never paid, and the purchase-money barely met existing liabilities. It was a pity, as ever since the disappearance of the poor old place the Alexandra Palace has thriven wonderfully."

RIFVAN burst into tears—and woke. He was still at the Meeting. It was breaking up, having decided nothing. "There is only one thing to be done!" he murmured earnestly. "I must write to the Times. The Palace must be saved." And so it must!

"THE PROMISE OF MAY"—ER.—SARA BEHNHARDT for a French Play season in July.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.—The New Coinage.

ITALIANO IN COVENTO GARDENO.

It is still apparently undecided whether to call him Signor GAYARRÉ or GAYARRÉ—printers and pronouncers differ; but about one thing there is no doubt, that he has never been in finer voice than he was for *La Favorita* last Tuesday—an excellent Opera, by the way, to give on the eve of the Derby; and Mr. Punch's Operatic tip is, to go for the Favourite if it is given again during the season, and back GAYARRÉ for a tenor.



Conducting himself in the most Perfect Manner.

Rigoletto was given on Thursday. Miss ELLA RUSSELL, as *Gilda*, received an enthusiastic call after the "Caro nome," when she disappears up the ladder, and goes for change of air to the upper C. The *Rigoletto* of Signor DEVOYD was a decided success, and the duet between *Rigoletto* and *Gilda* was one of the hits of a first-rate performance.

Signor FIGUER took the part of the Duke at short notice, and of course it is quite intelligible that to be figuring as a Duke at short notice is very trying. He was not a self-supporting tenor, but contributed his fair share to the concerted pieces. Signor BEVIGNANI was the Conductor. By the way, is the Omnibus Box so called because it is in a line with the Conductor? Mr. WAGSTAFF was present and asked us this Conundrum: If *Rigoletto's* house were in London, in what part would it be situated? The curtain was just rising on the last Act as he whispered the answer,—"In the Fool'em Road, S.W." Then WAGSTAFF left.

Fine performance of *Faust* on Saturday night, with Madame ALBANI as *Margherita*. Signor GAYARRÉ came out uncommonly strong in vocalisation as *Faust*, but left the acting to Madame ALBANI. No one can accuse Signor DEVOYD of being devoyd of rare acting and singing powers. His *Valentine* was a very powerful impersonation. Madame SCALCHI admirable, as usual, as the ill-used *Siebel*; but "Signor" LOREAIN's *Mephisto* was made up rather like a French clown, and he was perpetually attitudinising as if arranging a series of *posse plastiques*. His laugh in the serenade was too Christy-Minstrellish. Chorus and Orchestra first-rate, house brilliant. Mr. Punch wishes every success to the three Italian Operatic Managers, Signor LAGO, Signor MAPLESBORO, and Signor HAREZITO. As Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD used to sing, "O are we not a musical nation!"

FREE SPEECH.

A SPECIAL Committee having been appointed to inquire into the "conduct of Debate," for the purpose of framing some new rules that may be found serviceable in enabling Parliamentary discussion to be carried on in future more in accordance with the entire liberty of speech and freedom from hampering restrictions that have recently developed themselves in the House of Commons, the following preliminary tentative regulations to meet the requirements of the case have already been drawn up, and will be put in force upon the re-assembling of Members after the Recess:—

No Member making use of the language of a bargee, coal-heaver, coater-monger, or drayman, or indulging in any number of popular adjectives, shall be regarded as offending against the good taste of the House. The words "cur," "liar," "scoundrel," "hippopotamus," "thief," and the like, may be freely used in the course of debate, and applied by one Member to another, and they may be strengthened by the addition of any number of opprobrious epithets without calling for any intervention on the part of the Chair.

Cat-calling, yelling, whistling, shouting, swearing, and shrieking, shall be accepted as a legitimate interruption to the progress of any discussion, and if there is any attempt to stifle this unrestricted and free expression of opinion, a dead set may be made at the Chair.

The SPEAKER, or Chairman of Committees, if rendering himself, by his interference, obnoxious to any section of the House, may be pelted with rotten eggs, bags of flour, the lighter sorts of street refuse, and orange-peel, and, if endeavouring to protect himself with an open umbrella, may be hooted at persistently until he be compelled, in self-defence, to leave the Chair.

In any attempt to enforce the "Closure," brickbats, stout-bottles, and dead cats may be added to the above-mentioned missiles.

An American drinking-bar will be opened inside the House, under the Strangers' Gallery, for the use of those Obstructionist Members

who wish to stimulate their jaded spirits on the spot, and "Chair Ticker," "Speaker's Nettle," "Constitution Smasher," and other appropriate beverages, will be obtainable at all hours.

Horse-whips and six-shooters will be procurable in the lobbies and be at the disposal of all Members who wish actively to prolong any further any discussion commenced within the House in the progress of debate.

A THEATRICAL "PROPERTY."

UNDER the heading "Stage," an advertisement has recently appeared in the *Times*, announcing that the third term of a certain "dramatic class" has commenced, and that fees paid for it will include one of the parts (several of which are not yet filled) in the next public performance. It is probable that this announcement reveals a revival of the old amateur theatre system of half a century since, when anyone could play *Macbeth*, *Sir Peter Teasle*, or *Charles (his friend)* for a consideration regulated in amount by the importance of the part purchased for performance. This may be, or may not be, the case, but if the latter, there is no reason why the omission should not be at once supplied. A little training would do no harm to our amateur friends, who take to the Stage with as little hesitation as a duck takes to water, but, as a rule, with a very different result. To make our meaning plainer, we append a Table which might be furnished to every Student on matriculation:—

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ÆSOP IN PARLIAMENT.

(Suggested as a Development of Lord Salisbury's Fable of the Ulfur Rabbit and the Parnellite Bore Obstructor.)

NO. I.—THE LION AND THE DOLPHIN.

A CONSERVATIVE Lion, with shaggy mane and an irreproachable tail, was roaming on the political sea-shore, when seeing a Liberal-Unionist Dolphin basking lazily on the surface of the water, he invited him to form an alliance with him; "for," said he, "as I am the King of the Tory Beasts, and you are the King of the Fishy Amphibians, we ought to be the greatest friends and allies possible." The Dolphin readily assented; and the Lion not long after having a fight with an Irish Bull, called upon the Dolphin for his promised support, which as the Bull rushed bellowing into the water, the Dolphin was enabled to give. But when the Lion subsequently had a contest with a strong Midlothian Tiger over an exclusively English bone of contention, and the Dolphin found himself unable to go out of the sea to assist, the Conservative Lion accused him of having betrayed him. "Do not blame me," said the Liberal-Unionist Dolphin in reply, "but blame my Constituents, who, however much they may approve of my helping to tackle an Irish Bull, forbid my assisting you in Tory schemes for domestic legislation."

Moral.—In choosing allies we must look to their power as well as their will to help us. We must also remember that there is another WILL, a Grand Old Will, to be considered.

The First Year of a Silken Reign, by Messrs. TURN and FAGAN, would be an interesting book at any time, and is specially so for this Jubilee Year. The illustrations are most valuable for reference, and the hungriest student will own that rarely has he come across such platefuls of excellent material. Taking the *pabulum* served with these plates, the work results in "a dish to set before a Queen"—and her loving subjects.

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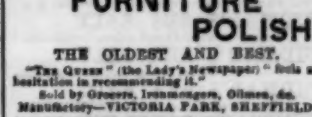
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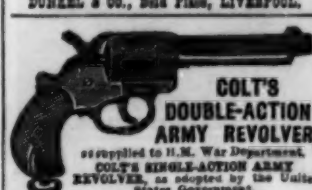
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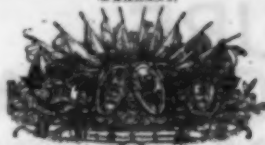
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